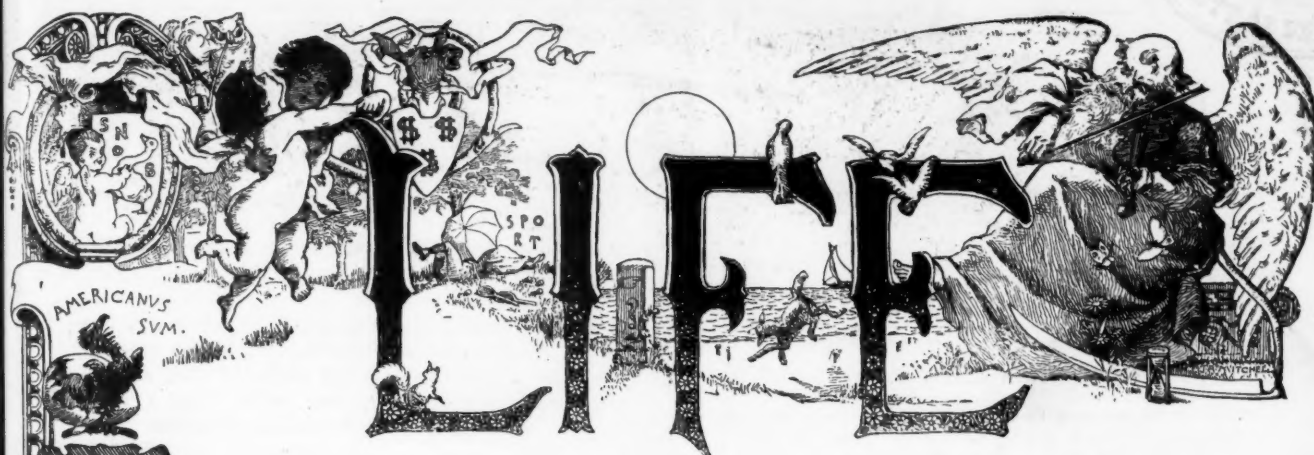


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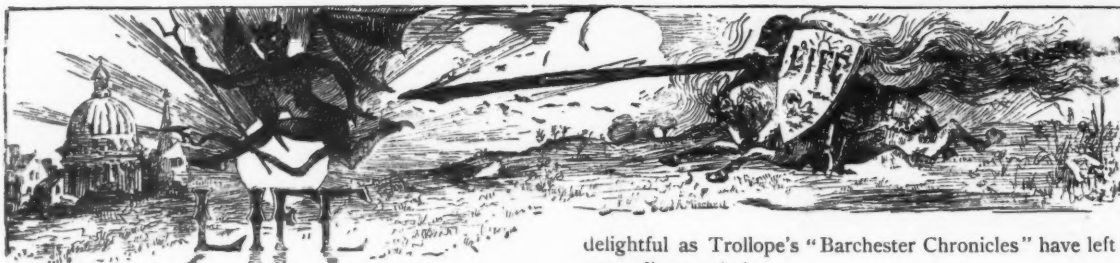


## AT BREAKFAST.

*Time, 9 a. m.*

*Opulent Avunculus:* EDWARD, I THINK YOU OUGHT TO GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE EARLIER.

*Languid Nephew:* OH! AS TO THAT, UNCLE, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OF THE OPINION THAT THE OFFICE SHOULD SEEK THE MAN, NOT MAN THE OFFICE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. OCTOBER 20, 1887. No. 251.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

OUR friend Mr. Howells is out with another blast in the latest *Harper's* about novels, and what kind we ought to read. This time he asserts that the ordinary English novel is more comfortable to the ordinary American than an American novel, and says the reason is that the American has got used to English novels and doesn't want to take the trouble to assimilate a new species. To the happiness of dull people he says the English novel, full of titles and rank is apparently essential.

"Their weak and childish imagination is at home in its familiar environment; they know what they are reading; the fact that it is hash, many times warmed over, reassures them; whereas a story of our own life, honestly studied and faithfully represented, troubles them with various misgivings. They are not sure that it is literature; they do not feel that it is good society; its characters, so like their own, strike them as commonplace; they say they do not wish to know such people."

It looks to us a little as if Mr. Howells had overheard someone disparaging some of his Boston sewing-girls, and resented it. Don't blame your Boston friends, dear sir, if they get enough beans and brown bread at home, and want beef and plum-pudding in their fiction. If it is a fact that we Americans prefer ordinary English novels for any other reason than that they are cheap, it is because we want novelty. Only the great masters of fiction succeed in making common every-day things and people interesting. The ordinary novelist cannot do it. Therefore, when we read ordinary novels we take those that tell about things and people and places different from those about us. The ordinary English novel doesn't contain much that is new for the ordinary Englishman; but the ordinary American gets variety in it. It puts new ideas into his head for the time being, and that is what he wants.

Doubtless the Englishman likes change too, and finds that Mr. Howells' own brisk creations, and others much less meritorious, refresh and invigorate his jaded faculties. We only hope our British cousins are able to glean from the Boston at Short Range series impressions as valued and

delightful as Trollope's "Barchester Chronicles" have left in our ordinary mind.

WITH hopeful impatience, LIFE awaits the day when Mr. Howells and his brother penmen on either side the Atlantic may enjoy the full reward of their efforts to amuse their transatlantic readers. International copyright ought to come. Everything is to be said for it, and there is no argument against it which is consistent with the eighth commandment. If any Senator or Congressman fails next winter to do his duty in this matter, we charge the International Copyright League to show him up. The pen is powerful, brethren. The men who wield it ought to have their dues. If they set about it right they can wrest their rights from Congress as though their hands were at its throat. Any Senator, any representative, who blocks the Copyright Bill this winter is the enemy of every man in England or America who gets a living by writing books. It is a just presumption that such a man is a rascal at heart, and the Copyright League should see to it that his record is thoroughly investigated, and the presumption verified if possible. If American authors do not get their rights from Congress it is their own fault. The means are at hand if they will only use them. They ought to be ashamed to have it known any longer that the only American man of letters in easy circumstances is Mark Twain.

THERE was a man from the West on the Senate's Committee on Patents last winter who objected to the International League's copyright bill, and muddled over one of his own until he succeeded in killing both: we forget this imbecile's name now, but it is in the almanacs. We shall call upon our literary and pictorial brethren to help us attend to his case when he comes to repeat his tricks next winter.

THE American branch of the Vanderbilt family has been investing some of its surplus funds very wisely of late. Mr. Depew never speaks better and is never more appreciated than when he celebrates some new benefaction of his rich friends.

NEW YORK'S exuberant police-force broke out again the other day a hundred strong. It is alleged in excuse that a riot between two rival labor organizations was still-born in consequence. That is no excuse. If the rival labor parties want to fight each other, that's the time for the force to arrest a boy and take him to the station in platoons. If the labor parties only have room, they will keep us amused until poor, dear Ireland gets her dues and the fun begins in the Dublin parliament.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says that the latest novel by Inspector Byrnes, written over the *nom de plume* of "Julian Hawthorne," is called "An American Penman," probably suggested by the play called "Jim, the Penman."

A "DEODORIZED EDITION" of the *Heptameron* is shortly to appear. What next?

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that Mr. Haggard be asked not what books have helped him, but what books he has helped himself to.



THIS LITTLE CUT IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, WITH THE INFORMATION THAT THERE MAY BE HOURS IN THE LIFE OF A MISSIONARY WHEN PROBATION *after* DEATH IS NOT THE BURNING QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

MR. STEAD, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recently published volume, gives a list of the books which have influenced him.

A reader of the *Gazette* is surprised to find that Mr. Stead has not been influenced by such volumes as the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, the *Heptameron* of Queen Margaret, Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*, Comstock's *Night Side of New York*, and other volumes more or less of the same general style as the *Gazette*.

A PROBABLE COMBINE.

JACOB SHARP,  
jailed Sing Sing.

SOUS L'ESCALIER.

THIS rose, poor little crumpled flower!  
Was one of Ethel's; for an hour  
To-night, it nodded from her waist.  
Alas, a triumph quickly o'er!  
Just now I found it on the floor,  
Dethroned, disgraced—

Just where these chairs, so close together,  
Under the stairs, leave no doubt whether  
Or not, they came so by design—  
One chair was Ethel's—ah, how fair  
She looks to-night!—the other chair  
Was—well, not mine.

But as for roses, she has yet  
So many, she would soon forget  
If one rose fell;—  
And, there's a game called "hearts," they say,  
Whose point is, throwing hearts away—  
She plays it well!

R. C. R.

A STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

MR. WABASH (of *Chicago*): Have you read Julian Hawthorne's story, "A Tragic Mystery," Miss Breezy?

MISS BREEZY: Oh, yes! and I found it very interesting. I think his style has so much improved since he wrote "The Scarlet Letter."

NO, my son, you will not be examined in hammer-throwing when you try to enter Yale. A bald-headed professor will ask you for the name of Miltiades's first wife, and it won't help you a mite if you name all the players on the National League, or give correctly all the intercollegiate records. It ought to help you, but it won't, for that old cubical-headed professor is away behind the time. Reforms come slowly, and they still hold on to the old notions at Yale. But just you wait till those old trilobites are laid on the shelf in a dark, dusty cabinet, and you will see the cause of higher education boom like a Southern iron town.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.





## DEDICATED TO THE PRESS.

To a Critic of the President's Tour.

THE *Tribune*, inconsistent,  
Should depreciate its vest,  
For Horace Greeley e'er advised:  
"Go west, young man; go west!"

To a C. A. D. on his Editorial Page.

The *Sun* presents this paradox:  
In spite of luck that's ill,  
And general imbecility,  
It never runs down Hill.

## Botanical.

We rather think staid journals that at eventide do weary us,  
Will find the daily *Sun* and *World's* night-blooming serious.

OSCAR WILDE is the editor of the *Woman's World*.  
We begin to see why Oscar let his hair grow long.

THE "Story of Ireland" is the name of a book written  
by Hon. Emily Lawless.  
How appropriate for Lawless to write of Ireland!

THE *North American Review* is publishing a series of  
articles on "Possible Presidents."

In view of the fact that Blaine and Hill are the ones first  
treated of, the title is a misnomer. Impossible Presidents  
would be more truthful.

WE have had occasion before this to refer to the Eng-  
lish of the *Times'* London correspondent. We  
find, in his letter of October 9, the following sentence:

They [the official class in Ireland] made elaborate preparations to  
prosecute Mr. Sullivan, and the attention of all Great Britain was  
drawn to the spectacle of his going in state, with the mace, sword,  
robes, and a whole retinue of civic dignitaries, to the police court,  
only to be defeated.

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Sullivan did not go to the  
police court only to be defeated, and so well-informed a per-  
son as Mr. H. F. ought to know better than to make any  
such misleading statement. The correspondent may know  
what he wants to say, but he does not seem able to express  
himself clearly—which is very unfortunate, since our daily  
papers have, as a rule, such brilliant foreign correspondents,  
with whom this gentleman must be compared with, to him,  
"odorous" results.

BARNUM'S great show and the Queen's Jubilee proces-  
sion have been justly referred to as a pair of specta-  
cles.

IT is a very hard position for a Life Insurance to be placed  
in to have to notify the tenants of one of its buildings to  
get out or be killed. It involves a heavy loss either way.

THE *Thistle* is for sale, if an advertisement in the *Times*  
is correct.

Somehow or other she fails to go off like hot cakes. The  
sale is likely to be a slow one.



## A LANDED GENTLEMAN.

IT is a good thing for this country that Mr. Keppler's  
lithograph of Mr. Cleveland was not published before  
election. It would have killed Mr. Cleveland in spite of Mr.  
Blaine's record.

In this connection we wish to deny *Puck's* editorial state-  
ment that this portrait of the President was taken from LIFE.

We have never yet libeled anyone, much less a man for  
whom we have so great an admiration as we have for the  
President of the United States.

We think our esteemed contemporary owes an apology to  
Mr. Cleveland and to LIFE.

GENERAL WOLSELEY says Queen Victoria is great  
and good, and the general is right. She tips the  
scale at two hundred and twenty, which is a sufficient guar-  
antee of greatness, and as for goodness, she will always pass  
for a sovereign. We know of nothing much better than  
that, in its way, except a five-dollar gold piece.

AN AUTUMNAL WAIL.

THO' lingers yet the summer's afterglow,  
Grim winter's distant footsteps smite mine  
ear :

Farewell to flowers, to breezes soft and low,  
Blue skies, and robin's carol clear.

Oh, days of drifting snow, of gloomy sky,  
Of howling wind, of raven's mournful note !  
Thine advent I await with grief, for I  
Shall have to buy an overcoat.

Will Carey.

MR. WILTON'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER IV.



ON Mr. Wilton's arrival in town on the first of October, he found that he had lost fifteen pounds ! That meant approaching death ; and it struck him that it would be better for his mother's heart to break than for him to figure as a boarder in Abraham's bosom. And then—good Lord !—he hadn't thought of it before—but very probably little Julia—dear little Julia !—was pining away just as bad as he was himself ; perhaps worse ! That settled it, and the evening saw him on his way to St. Louis, with a view to coming to an understanding with Miss Higgins, and then after that—well, the deluge !

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Wilton sat in the drawing-room of Casa Higgins with his heart banging away like a boiler-factory.

The green Brussels carpet and upholstery, the white marble mantel-piece that looked like the facade of a tomb ; the wax flowers, the bust of Lincoln and the picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, all tended to throw him into a condition that was closely allied to insanity. But suddenly the door opens :

"Why, Mr. Wilton ! how glad I am to see you ! to think of you being in St. Louis ! Why, you must have heard of my wedding to-morrow, and so come on ! Now you did, didn't you ? Oh, I know you did—and it was perfectly lovely, just perfectly lovely of you !"

A deadly faintness seized Mr. Wilton, and only the fact of his being in a deep arm-chair saved him from rolling on to the floor. In a few moments, however, his pride came to his rescue, and making one of those superhuman nervous efforts that take ten years from a man's life, he rallied enough to smile feebly and tell a mild little lie to the effect that he was just returning from San Francisco, where he had been on business for his father, and having met a mutual friend on the train, learned of her coming marriage ; and so, as he had a few hours to spare, he had taken the liberty of calling to offer his congratulations.

Miss Higgins thought it was so kind of him ; and then, as he did not volunteer any other remarks, she fell to rambling on about her own affairs, how she had been engaged for two years, and Mr. Decker—her intended—would not wait any longer, etc., etc. And, oh, she did so wish that Mr. Wilton and Mr. Decker could meet, for she was so certain that they would like each other so much ! And then she remembered that one of their prospective ushers had just had his nose broken in a fight, and had sent her a note in which he deeply regretted that a previous engagement would prevent him from officiating, etc., etc. ; and, oh, wouldn't Mr. Wilton stay over and take his place—just to please her ? it would be so jolly !

Mr. Wilton regretted exceedingly that he must leave on the evening train ; and so after a few more rambling remarks, he bade her good-bye and managed to get himself out of the house.

It was a long time before Mr. Wilton could summon energy enough to go round to the club, and when he did appear there, the look on his

face made Halleck's heart fairly bleed for him. "Poor boy ! poor boy !" he said to himself, "will he get over it as most of them do, or—or—" and Halleck leaned his face against the cool window-pane, and looked up over the grimy house-tops to the bright blue sky, so far, so far away !

Roland King.



IS IT AGAINST THE LAW TO WINK ?

THIS is a reform administration with a vengeance.

A Custom-house Inspector, after twenty years' service, has been removed for the heinous offense of winking.

The trouble was that he wunk at the operations of a smuggling Israelite, who gave the combination away. Now, what is to be done with the smuggling Israelite ?

THE *Thistle's* motto, "Touch Me Not," is to be changed to "Don't Bet on Me."

FOLLOWING close upon Mrs. Cleveland's snubbing of Governor Foraker comes the astounding announcement that the President wantonly and with malice aforethought, kicked a yellow dog off the Palace Car steps on Friday.

Mr. Cleveland seems to be doing his best to ruin his chances for re-election.

THERE are over 7,000,000 pores in the human body, and yet we are surprised because some men are sponges.



UNTAMED.

Kate : NOW, LOOK HERE, 'DOLPHUS, I WANT YER TER UNDERSTAND THAT YER CAN'T PETRUCHIO IT OVER ME IN THAT FASHION. I'M A GOIN' TO WALK WITH ANYONE I PLEASE ; AN' IF YER DON'T LIKE IT, YER'LL HAVE TER FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL STAND BOSSIN', FOR I WON'T, *There!*



### THE TRUTH, ACCORDING TO MARK RUTHERFORD.

ONCE in a decade, perhaps, a writer of fiction strikes a deep-toned, serious note. The world is only listening for light and merry chimes, and does not heed this solemn music. But, now and then, from the crowds of heedless passers-by, some weary man stops and rests a little while in the shadow of the cool, gray tower, and is soothed and strengthened by the rich, deep monotone. High thoughts and new courage are born, and he plunges again into the struggle with Hope for a companion.

In some such way the man who has written several remarkable books, under the name of Mark Rutherford, has gained the recognition of those whose admiration is most worth having. One cannot say that he is a cheerful writer; he sees too clearly and is too free of illusions for that. But he is a vigorous, healthful writer, with not a particle of femininity or false sentiment in his composition.

HIS latest book, "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane" (Putnam's), is full of strong meat. It is the kind of which Thackeray would have said: "Oh, my friend, it is *not* small beer." In every few pages you are startled by the clear, forcible statement of a solemn generalization on life and human nature. There is no preliminary flourish of rhetorical trumpets, no playing with the truth as though it were an is to be in earnest. The courage with which this writer faces reality is admirable. And yet he does not cheapen the value of the individual life.

INDEED, in this novel, almost for the first time since "Adam Bede," is the development and worth of a character not measured by the material standards of houses and grounds, and beautiful wife and high social position. *Zachariah* is a plain, hard-working journeyman printer, from the beginning to the end of the story. But what a *man* he had grown to be with his increasing years! "Blanketeer marches; his first wife; the work-house; imprisonment; his second wife; the little *Pauline*, had each come to him with its own special message, and the net result was a character, but a character disappointing to persons who prefer men and women of linear magnitude to those of three dimensions."

IF the motive of the whole book were to be summed up in one of its sentences, it would probably be this: "The highest form of martyrdom is not even living for the sake of a cause, but living without one, merely because it is your duty to live. If you are called upon to testify to a great truth, it is easy to sing in flames." That is a very wholesome kind of philosophy. And the physical complement to it is: "Health, sweet blood, unimpeded action of the heart, are the divine narcotics which put to sleep the enemies to our peace, and enable us to pass happily through life."

The book is an earnest one, free from cant and false preaching.

AND there is a tenderer side to it, which is forever pushing its way through the stern seriousness of the problem—the touches of delicate pathos, which wring the heart like a personal grief or a remembered sorrow. The description of the parting of *Zachariah* and *Caillaud*, on the eve of the latter's execution, is full of strong, homely pathos. And yet the effect is wrought with an art as simple and direct as in that exquisite passage where *Colonel Newcome* sails away to India and leaves *Clive* and *Bayham* standing on the wharf.

THE faults of construction are apparent to the most unlearned reader of the story. But if one cares to look deeper, he will discover that the author has carefully adhered to a theory of his own as to what are really the essential features in any life. Judged from this point of view, the novel is logically and artistically constructed. It would take a venturesome or ignorant critic to say that the author is not in the right.

*Droch.*



*Teacher:* NOW, JOHNNIE, SUPPOSE YOUR FATHER HAS AN INCOME OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR FROM HIS BUSINESS. HE SPENDS TWO THOUSAND FOR YOUR MAMMA'S CLOTHES; FIFTY DOLLARS FOR HIS OWN CLOTHING, AND ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES. HOW MUCH WILL HE HAVE AT THE END OF THE YEAR?

*Johnnie (after mature deliberation):* 'LEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

*Teacher:* ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOUR ARITHMETIC.

*Johnnie:* WELL, I KNOW POP. HE'S A NALDERMAN, HE IS!



# OUR SOCIETY.

*She (whose grandfather made it in iron):* WHY DID YOU BOW TO THOSE BARTLETTS?

*He (an old chum of Bartlett):* WHAT'S THE USE OF SNUBBING PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU'RE A LITTLE BETTER THAN THEY ARE?

(N.B.—Bartlett "married poor," and is a clerk on \$1,500 a year.)

## SOME SPIRITED REPARTEE.

"A H, *ma sherry*, it does my heart good to see you," said the empty Demijohn to the Cask of Amontillado, as the latter rolled into the wine cellar.

"Well, I de claret does me good, too," quoth the Decanter, gallantly raising the stopper from its head.

"It makes my ice-water with joy," added the Water-cooler in the corner.

"Yes, indeed, Mumm," put in the Champagne Bottle, "I've missed you so that I'd made up my mind that Heidsieck another place if you didn't turn up pretty soon."

"I've grown positively thin," said the Burgundy.

"I noticed you were rather Beaune. Hadn't you better see Medocter?" replied the Cask.

"Try my fizz-ician," said the Vichy Bottle.

"Oh, cork up, fellers," shrieked the Apple Barrel; "You give me a pain in cider me."

"Well, boys, I'm glad you're glad to see me back," said the Cask.

"I haven't seen your back," said the Champagne Bottle; "you're all front."

"Well, I'm glad that my absinthe has made your hearts grow fonder."

"Fine nutty flavor you have," ejaculated the Water-cooler.

"Nutty?" queried the Cask.

"Yes, chestnutty," cried all in unison.

And the proprietor was so disturbed by the noise that he called down and threatened to send them all to a saloonatic asylum if they didn't wine up their persiflage.

"You're all full," he added.

"That's a lie," said the empty Whisky Bottle, under his breath, at which the Refrigerator laughed so immoderately that the ice broke and they all fell in.

A SKILLET that used to belong to General Grant has been nominated for prosecuting attorney in an Indiana town.



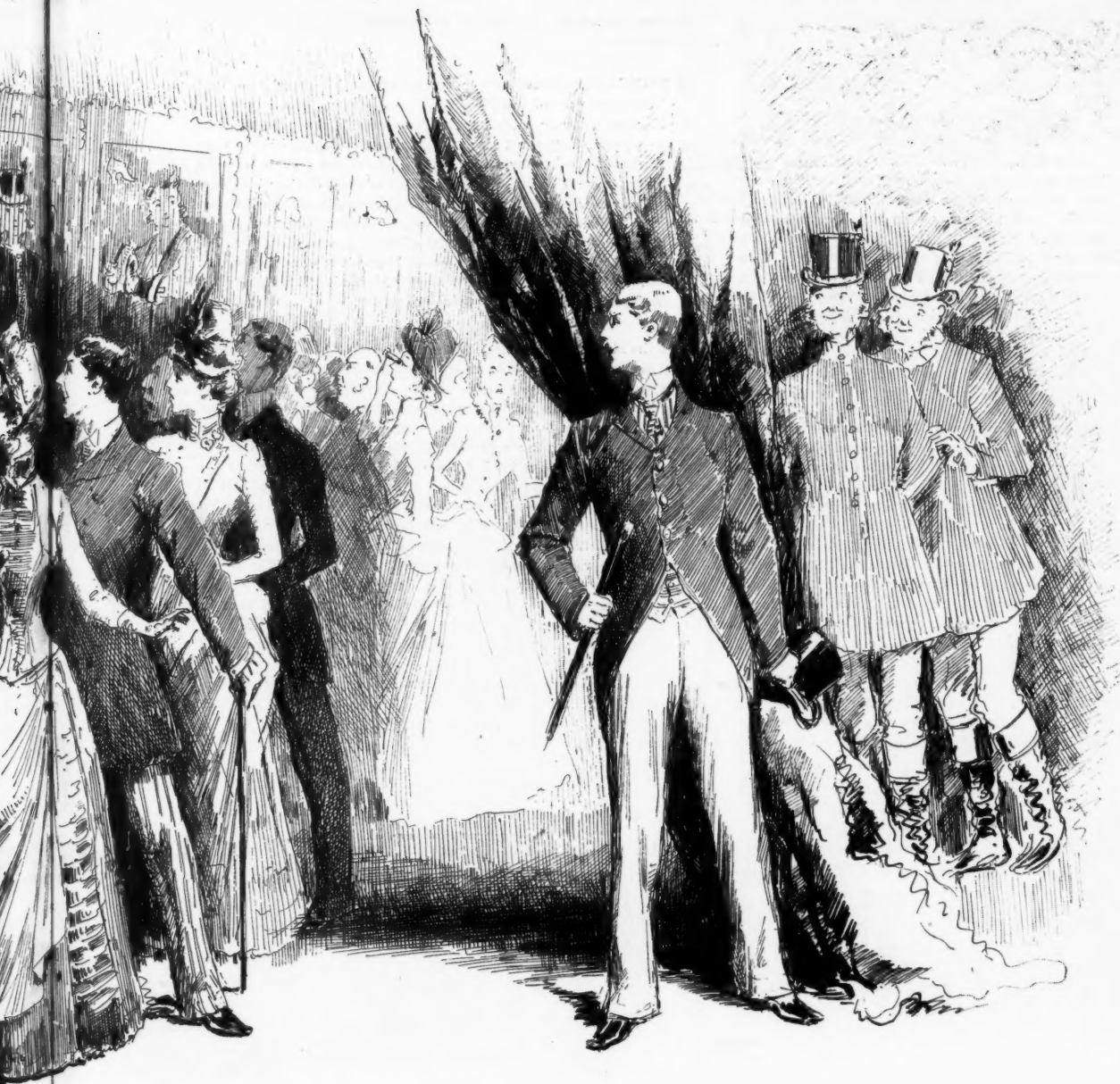


SINCE WE ARE A NATION

AND SHOULD NOT ELEVATE OUR NOSES UNDULY, IT WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT

FAMILIES SHOULD DECORATE THEIR HOMES WITH PORTRAITS





A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS,

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE FOR THE *Nouveaux Riches* IF CERTAIN OF OUR "OLD"  
MEN WITH PORTRAITS OF THEIR EARLY AMERICAN ANCESTORS.



AT last the baseball season is over. The Detroiters were winners for the simple reason that they played ball, and were not afflicted with that far too common disease, the big-head. The great and only Mike could not bring Boston in nearer head than fifth place—a fact whereat we secretly rejoice, for Boston has done so much of late in literature, yachting and pugilism, that we New Yorkers were beginning to feel slightly uneasy. It's all very well to let Boston beat us in one or two things, but when she monopolizes the ability of the country it is time for New York to look to her laurels. We congratulate ourselves that we got ahead of the Bean City in the ball-field, and believe that in the matter of ripped-up streets, bad pavements and red-mouthed Anarchists, we still hold the supremacy.

THE chief sporting event of the month has been the opening of the colleges. At Columbia there has been a perceptible increase in the attendance of brawn and muscle, and I learn from purely private sources that President Barnard is much pleased at the prospect of a good Freshman crew next summer. President Eliot, of Harvard, has a very promising class in foot-ball this year, and the genial Dr. Dwight, of Yale, is said to be confident that his students will be able to hold their own in all the contests in which they shall take part.

Work at the Princeton gymnasium has been resumed under auspicious circumstances, and Dr. McCosh's lectures on "Muscular Development," and "The Psychological Aspect of Goal Kicking, from a Presbyterian Standpoint," are awaited with much interest.

I do not credit the report that John L. Sullivan has matriculated at the Harvard Divinity School, so that he may assume the duties of half-back on the Harvard Eleven, although the Yale man who informed me of the fact is himself quite a prominent member of the Theologues' Boxing and Sporting Association at New Haven, and is in a position

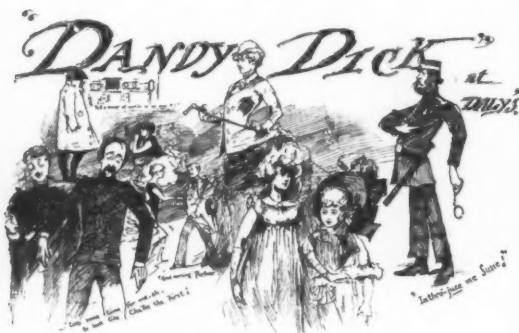
to know, as well as to speak the truth occasionally without injuring his conscience.

AMONG other unconfirmed reports that are floating about, I find that the managers of the New York Yacht Club, upon reading in the *Harvard Crimson*, an influential Boston daily, that the designers of the winners in the last three international yachting events were Harvard men, resolved by a vote of 26 to 7 to endow a chair in yacht designing at the University, in recognition of these distinguished services. However this may be, I hope the country will not overlook the fact that to the fostering care of Harvard College our supremacy upon the waters is due, and when President Cleveland passes through Cambridge, as he must if he would make his Western trip an unqualified success, the least he can do is to allude to this statistical fact as luridly as the dignity of his exalted station will permit.

AT the Manhattan Club games last week, a young man ran seventy-five yards backwards in an extraordinarily short space of time. I am glad to see the youth of our country starting out in a new direction. It is a valuable addition to the sum of our knowledge to learn that a boy can run seventy-five yards backwards in 11 1-5 seconds. If we should ever get into a war with Canada our volunteers and magazine writers would have behind them a distinguished precedent for fleeing with their faces to the enemy. It places a man at a great disadvantage to return home from the wars with a load of shot in his back. It makes him look as if he had forgotten something and had turned around to get it, and forgetfulness at the critical period of a fight is a vice which cannot be too severely condemned. The newly discovered art of running backwards, however, obviates the humiliating necessity of turning one's back on the enemy to go back to camp for a handkerchief, and the Manhattan Club has performed a great service in bringing out the fact that it can be done with grace and dignity.

Next week, we are given to understand, the same young man will give an exhibition five-mile walk on his hands, which will show the veteran who is left on the field of battle without any legs, how to retreat with all the honors of war.

Carlyle Smith.



AT DALY'S.

"DANDY DICK" is a play whose object is the inspiration of mirth, and that object is brilliantly achieved. For this some credit is due the author of the piece, but most of it belongs to Mr. Daly's company. It is a poor play that this company cannot make entertaining, and as "Dandy Dick" is by no means devoid of merit the result is not a surprise. One salient feature of the comedy is that there is not an interesting character in it. The actors themselves,

personally, are interesting, and the dialogue is bright and never drags.

The dean, his sportive sister, the old servant and the jealous constable are all amusing, and serve their purpose admirably in hastening the movement of the play. The plot is ingenious and full of surprises, and the merriment of the audience is a constant tribute to the actors' skill.

IN Browning's "Parleyings with Certain People," the ancient Scriptural prophecy is fulfilled. The last is Fust.

DRAMATIC NOTE.

THE *Yonkers Gazette* has the following: "In 'La Belle Russe' Miss Coghlan portrays to the life a beautiful Russian, and in it she has an opportunity to display, as she has never yet done on the Yonkers boards, her tragic powers, and also to wear modern society dresses."

It is to be hoped that the Yonkers boards will be equal to the fearful strain imposed upon them by these modern society dresses. We shall look for the *Gazette's* announcement of Edwin Booth's *Hamlet* before the Yonkers audience, when, we have no doubt, the great actor will display his old-time fire and new black overalls.

IT is not surprising that there should be considerable *mal de mare* on board ocean steamships considering the enormous horse-power that is required to drive a vessel across the Atlantic.

A TRULY  
DREADFUL FATE.

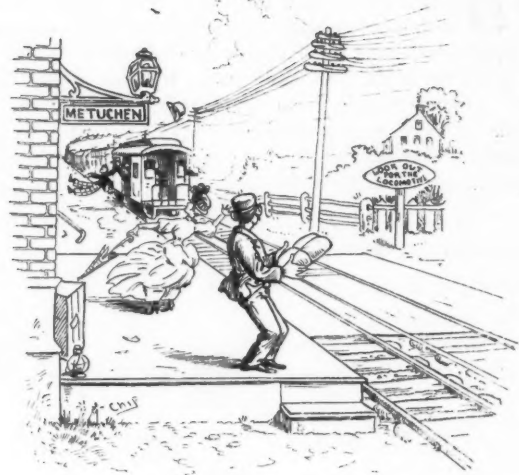
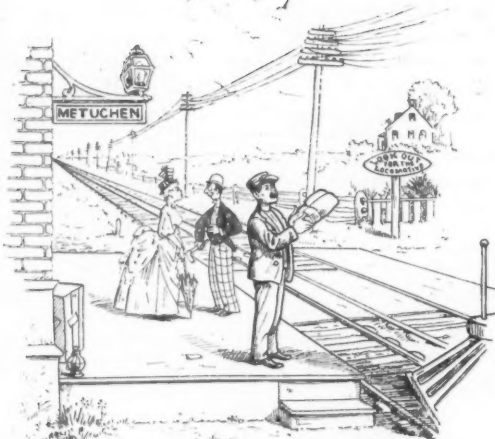
A NARCHIST: Ah, when yonder proud palaces are ours, I'll not be left in the streets to be washed by the rain.



ASTONISHING BURGLARY.

*Vanderpuyster (slightly weary):* WELL I D'CLARE. WONNER WHERE POLISHE COULD ER BEEN. THIEVES GONE SHTOLE KEY-HOLE.





ADVANTAGES OF THE FLYING EXPRESS SYSTEM.

## SOME IRISH NOTES.

AN eviction took place at Ballyhack, Ireland, three days ago. An assaulting column of 200 police, 300 soldiers, and 45 bailiffs and constables attacked Peter Flaherty's cabin, and after knocking down the door it was discovered that the house pig was the sole occupant. Forty-five soldiers who were trampled by the police were hauled to the hospital in a furniture wagon.

NANCY DOLAN, of Ballyhoolan, has been proclaimed by the government for scalding the head of the attacking column with hot water.

IN a considerable district in western Ireland the entire population is in the poor-house or in jail, and none are left to execute the law. The West Ireland *Vindicator* is now printed in jail on a small hay-press.

AGERMAN has invented a new kind of iron chimney which can be taken down and used as a cannon in time of war.

THE House of Commons is preparing to conduct all debates on the Irish question according to Marquis of Queensberry rules.



FISHER IS MAKING A CALL; BUT HIS HORSE IS ALL RIGHT, FOR HE HAS HIRED A BOY TO HOLD HIM, YOU KNOW.

## A HINT.

WE commend to the State Department the following remarks by an eminent novelist, which it seems to us should be remembered when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain arrives and proceeds to arbitrate the Fishery Question:

"Jo is awake. Josh has his weather eye open. You'll find him tough. 'Tough, tough is Joseph, tough and de-vil-ish sly!"

IT is not unnatural that plagiarism should be rife in the field of letters.

We frequently have heard clergymen in the pulpit assert without contradiction "Letters prey."

THE man who has had the wool pulled over his eyes is apt to feel sheepish, and it is quite fitting that he who drinks too much beer should feel muggy.

WANTED, a copy of the *Commercial Advertiser*, in which no allusion is made to the "American Idea."

In this connection we would reply to an anxious inquirer that the *Commercial* possibly refers to the centre-board when it uses this expression.



SAGACITY.

COUNTRYMAN: Fi' pounds too much for him? He's a won'er-ful good sportin' daug, sir! Why, he come to a dead pint in the street, sir, close ag'in a ol' gen'leman, the other day—'fust o' September it was, sir—and the gen'leman told me arterwards as his name were "Partridge!"

CUSTOMER: You don't say so!  
Bargain struck!—*Punch*.

COMING OUT OF IT.

MRS. DENSUADE: You think it isn't serious then, doctor?  
DOCTOR EASEMORE: On the contrary, it's nothing but a slight swelling of the cerebral tissue, resulting from some trifling indiscretion.

DENSUADE (in an insanity of gratitude and a loud whisper): Shay, Doc., tell her (hic-gl-gl) I never did sho again, an' I'll nev' do sho b'fore!—*Puck*.

WHEN CUPID SNICKERED.

WIGGINS (who has nerved himself to ask her papa's consent): Sir, I have just returned from the concert—with Miss DeJones—and finding you alone—

DEJONES (of Chicago): That's all right, my boy—broke, eh? Here's a twenty. Her mother used to clean me out the same way!  
—*The Judge*.

AGENT: On what grounds do you claim a pension?

APPLICANT: Grandfather lost his health in the war of 1812, and left an impaired constitution to the family.—*New Haven News*.

"Isn't it dreadful," asked Miss Lillybud, "to run over a man?"

"Yes, indeed, mum," replied the stoker of the express. "It jolts the engine up worse nor a cow."—*Exchange*.

"HAVE you seen Mr. Mushbrain lately?" asked the fair girl languidly of her gallant companion, young Tennisbat, of the Bank. "Not for ages," lisped the youth. "I understand he has made a mesalliance," said the weary beauty. "I should like to see it," said Tennisbat, with a shade of animation. "I used to potter about my father's park at home, and am somewhat of a mechanic myself."—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

"THE fire in Colonel Doggerty's wagon factory Wednesday evening," says a Colorado paper, "was largely attended. Among the prominent society people who were present we noted Judge and Mrs. Witherspoon, Senator and Mrs. Poindexter and daughter, Governor Standish, and Miss Van der Horck. Mrs. Senator Poindexter administered a neat and deserved rebuke to one of the firemen early in the proceedings. Stepping up to a hoseman she touched his shoulder and said sharply: "Play it lower down, you red-headed chump—get it down where the fire is! You fellows ain't expected to put out the North Star!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

RESENTING AN INSULT.

UNCLE RASTUS (to lawyer): Kin I git er man 'rested fo' 'cusin' me ob bein' er thief, sah?

LAWYER: Well, yes, Uncle Rastus, to call a man a thief may be libellous. Who was the man?

UNCLE RASTUS: Hit wah de man dat I done stole de ham from, sah.—*Sun*.

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"WHAT's all this racket?" asked a traveling man, as he got off the train in Philadelphia.  
"They're celebrating the signing of the United States constitution."  
"Why, that happened a hundred years ago!"  
"Yes."  
"And they are just getting on to it! Well, if that ain't Philadelphia all over."—*Washington Critic.*

PUT IN A DELICATE WAY.

"BILL," said the Prince with some hesitation, "I want to speak to you on rather a delicate subject, and I trust you won't be offended."  
"Speak right out, old boy," was Bill's hearty rejoinder.  
"Well, mother wants to ask Dirty Dog to dinner, and she was wondering if he would mind her directing the note of invitation to Soiled Canine."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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SO HE LEFT HIM "A LOAN."

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"No, sir, I can't. And if I could, I wouldn't. I have been loaning you money for a year, and you make no effort to return it."  
"But I wanted to know if you wouldn't loan me?"  
"And I tell you beforehand that I won't."  
"Well, then, don't. I wanted to borrow your fountain pen to make out a check for what I owe you, but if you're in no rush, I'm not."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

FORAKER may get such a snub from the coming National Republican convention, that the one he got from the Cleverlands will seem like a hilarious welcome.—*Texas Siftings*.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Men and wimmin is diffunt, but putty much all boys is erlike.

It ain't what a man is dat makes him, happy in dis yere worl'; it's whut he thinks he is.

It is er mighty hard matter fur us ter see de bad p'int in er thief dat is willin' ter lend us money, ur de good p'int in er hones' man dat hab 'fused to do us a favor. Dar ain't er weaker raskil in dis yere worl' den human natur'.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

CHICAGO IS MODEST.

MRS. WABASH (of Chicago): Do you consider it good taste, Mrs. Breezy, to serve pie for breakfast?

MRS. BREEZY (reflectively): Well, no, Mrs. Wabash, I think it looks a trifle too ostentatious.—*Ex*.

WHY HE WAS AFRAID.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR (to countryman): If you saw him picking the gentleman's pocket, why didn't you interfere, instead of letting him get away?

COUNTRYMAN: I saw that sign up there, "Beware of Pickpockets," an', b'gosh, I was 'fraid to.—*Ex*.

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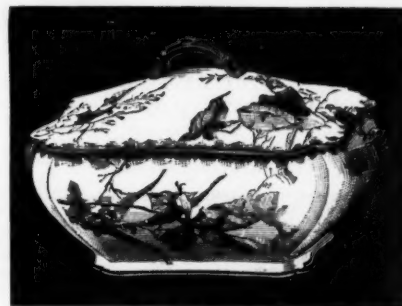
ROBINSON: Hello, Jones! Been away shooting for a couple of weeks, haven't you?

JONES: Yes.

ROBINSON: Well, what did you bag?

JONES: My trousers.—*Burlington Free Press*.

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